

THE DIARY OF K. Franco_Galviston Texas

Pages 17

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Act one a horrible day

“IT WAS EARLY IN THE A.M, SIX TO BE EXACT THAT I WAS ON THE FREEWAY . THE TRAFFICE WAS CRAZY ALWAYS ON HIGHWAY 21 BUT , THIS DAY IN PATICULAR IT WAS MORE DANGEROUS THAN EVER. PEOPLE SHUFFLED BUMPER TO BUMPER IN EVERY DIRECTION IN THE DARK WATERY SKY LOOMED OVER HEAD I JUST KEPT CHECKING MY DASH BOARD MIRROR IN HOPES THAT ONE OF THE SHIPS WERENT BEHIND ME OR , ONE OF THOSE THINGS I SAW ON THE NEWS WAS NEAR, CREEPY THEY WERE THE TRIGOBYTES , THE MODIFIED HUMAN EXECUTIONERS WHO WERE SUPPOSE TO REPLACE US. THEY HAD BEEN captured by our government but so little was truly understood about their biology. “ just go around jackass, I screamed as some nut thried to bonk his horn at me and he had a clear shot at an exit and then it happened. I looked out my side mirror at the jackass who was trying to make me have a wreck then I saw it, looming into view one of those hover ships, from the space things. People began to panic one by one running from the cars, they frequently snatched people from the freeways the news had warned us. Suddenly the rails on the bridge became unstable and began to wobble. We feared the worst. I looked to my right as a large fisherman put on a life jacket then ,I grimly looked at the water below as the bridge wobbled and none of the idiots in front of me tried to even move

arrogant , entitled nutcases who thought the entire thing was a government hoax to change taxes . cables snapped one by one as the bridge came alose, a clinged to the cross on my chest and said a prayed to the holy mother Mary, then my hear sunk into my chest as the bridge front end collapsed inside the water . “holy shit!!!! I screamed as cars tumbled into the murky river waters one by one even a city bus trying to evacuate petrified people from all across the city. The second beam jolted next to my car and I felt my self

plummeting below, my jean jacket became caught in the car door as I tried to escape. "help help I screamed kicking at the surface of the cold water . I looked up at the craft as it shot more beams , strange organic balls into the water. We all continued swimming looking confused.

Whats that ?

I don't fucking know refreshments, what does it look like you stupid cunt? More weapons.

Cunt ? Ill show you cunt when I get out of this water?

I felt my energy fleeting , I was too old to swim to the banks , some sank immediately in the cars , some swam like champs to the shore while others just kept kicking, then I saw it ,oh my did I see it , a strange shadow swimming beneath me too big to be a human.

Then I saw a small girl screaming to me, "it has my leg" I swam to her as fast as could and then right before I got to her, she disappeared into the current, blood surged to the surface of the water.

""aaaaaragaggh!" I scream I didn't have time I just kept swimming 47 wasn't kind to me , neither was the diner I worked at.

Then I saw it underneath again a strange glowing light from below like an aquatic animal . Then people started to go under one by one . "hey old lady" a group of college teens yelled out to me on a raft. My heart overwelmed with joy. "yes baby come over hear I said gurgling water" then the worst happens

limbs and heads began erupting out of the

water at high speed “ “gursst” one exploded right by me and I scream “oh god no, sweet mother of mary” an arm torn from its sockets shot straight up in the air as i seen the frog fish monster thing leap straight out of the water to catch it in its mouth before resubmerging. Every one screamed in horror as hundred began a swimming race towards the docks

I felt I strong young arm yank my collar as began to sink, “we got you , your not going any where” I was yanked into the large raft by three kids from the university. “oh my god, I love you guys, I said as I kissed each one of the youngsters on the cheek” they wrapped a blanket around me as I saw my car swimming by. My license plate that says I love galviston . ten foot from the shore the raft exploded sending me and the three kids eight feet in the air , the thing has swam underneath and rambled the raft” all scremeing we landed on the dock one by one , all conscious but wounded. We turned to our right as we saw people dragged below screaming one by one as the space ship hovered above and began to suck the organic balls back into the ship .

The old barn was a safe haven. One hundred people had crammed inside, their homes lost to the rising waters. It wasn't just water, though. The floods were caused by the aliens, strange creatures from the sea that had invaded their world. These aliens were called Trigobytes. They looked like giant crabs with sharp claws and glowing red eyes.

Inside the barn, a mix of fear and exhaustion settled over the survivors. Among them was Sarah, a young woman who had lost her entire family. Next to her sat old Mr. Henderson, his face

etched with worry. There

was also a group of children, their eyes wide with fear, huddled together for comfort.

THE BARN OF DEATH

It was 2:00 AM. The moon cast long shadows through the gaps in the barn walls. A strange sound, like a high-pitched hum, began to fill the air. It was faint at first, then grew louder, piercing their ears. Some people clutched their heads, groaning. Others stared blankly ahead, their faces vacant. "No, no did you hear that" a frail man said from the back ground.

"What is that noise?" Sarah whispered, her voice trembling. "it's them , i can just feel it, it's them, the fish things"

Mr. Henderson shook his head, his eyes darting around. "I don't know, child. It's... it's hurting my head." he said before taking a few capsules of pills.

The hum intensified, and a woman near the back of the barn suddenly stood up. Her eyes were glazed over, and she walked towards the barn doors. "I have to... I have to go," she mumbled, her voice robotic. "go where her son asked in tears"

"No, Martha, don't!" Mr. Henderson cried out, but

it was

too late. Martha reached for the heavy barn doors, pulling them open with surprising strength.

Outside, the red glow of the Trigobytes' eyes could be seen in the darkness. They stood there, their crab-like bodies silhouetted against the faint moonlight. The hum seemed to emanate from them, a weapon of sorts. "fuck her let her die" some one said." as others stood by silent full of fear.

Martha stepped out into the night. The Trigobytes advanced, their claws clicking on the muddy ground. Sarah watched in horror as Martha, without a sound of protest, walked right into the waiting claws. A sickening crunch echoed through the night.

Panic erupted inside the barn. People screamed, their faces pale with terror. "They're making us do it!" a man shouted. "They're making us kill ourselves!" they all began grabbing weapons and panicking.

Another person, a young man named David, suddenly stood up. His eyes, too, had that vacant stare. "I... I can't stand this noise anymore," he slurred, stumbling towards the doors.

"David, no!" Sarah pleaded, grabbing his arm. But his strength was unnatural. He pulled away, his eyes fixed on the alien creatures. He walked out, and the same horrifying scene unfolded. they became violent when you tried to stop them from leaving and people slowly gave up on tried to stop them.

"We have to do something!" Mr. Henderson said,
his

voice hoarse. "We can't just stand here and wait to be killed!"

"But what can we do?" a woman sobbed. "That sound... it's too strong."

Sarah looked at the children, their faces smeared with tears. She couldn't let them be hurt. She had to find a way. Her eyes fell on a pile of old blankets and sacks in a corner of the barn. An idea began to form.

"We need to block out the sound!" she exclaimed. "We need to cover our ears, our heads! Anything!"

The idea spread like wildfire. People started tearing strips from the blankets, stuffing them into their ears. They used sacks, anything they could find, to cover their heads. The frantic dialogue continued, but now it was laced with a desperate hope.

"Quick, everyone! Cover your

ears!" "I can't find anything!"

"Use this cloth!"

"Are you sure this will work?"

The hum was still there, a relentless pressure against their minds. But as more people covered their ears, the intensity seemed to lessen. Some of the vacant stares flickered, replaced by a dawning awareness.

"It's... it's helping," Mr. Henderson breathed, his hands

pressed firmly over his ears.

But the Trigobytes were not done. They began to move, their crab-like legs scuttling forward. They were no longer content to wait for the sound to do its work.

They were coming for them.

"They're coming!" someone screamed.

Sarah looked at the barn doors. They were still open, and the Trigobytes were getting closer. The sound was still a threat, even with their makeshift earplugs. They couldn't stay in the barn.

"We have to run," she said, her voice firm despite her fear. "We have to get out of here. We'll go out the back. There's a smaller door. It might be less guarded."

The group hesitated. The thought of facing the Trigobytes was terrifying. But the thought of staying and succumbing to the sound was even worse.

"She's right," Mr. Henderson said. "We have to try. We have to protect the children."

With a newfound resolve, the hundred survivors began to move. They shuffled towards the back of the barn, their hearts pounding in their chests. The dialogue became hushed whispers, urgent instructions, and murmured prayers.

"Stay together!"

"Don't make any noise!"

"Watch out for the floorboards!"

As they reached the small back door, they could hear the heavy thuds of the Trigobytes' claws on the barn floor, growing closer. The hum, though muffled, still throbbed in their ears.

Sarah pushed open the back door. A gust of damp, salty air hit them. The night was dark, but the faint glow of the alien creatures illuminated the immediate surroundings. They spilled out of the barn, scattering into the darkness, their only hope to outrun the monsters and the mind-bending sound that threatened to drive them to their own doom. The climax had arrived, and the fight for survival had just begun.

The story of bray and the ship

Bray woke up in a dimly lit cage, his heart racing. The metallic clangs around him were strange, and the air smelled of something foul. He shivered, both from fear and the cold. The cage was part of a dark ship belonging to the Nomos, an alien race that had been terrorizing the Earth. Bray had heard whispers of them before, but seeing their ship was something else entirely.

He glanced around. Other people were trapped in their own cages. Confusion and fear filled their eyes. Bray noticed a man in the corner of his cage. It was Peter Winters, a teacher from his town. They had never really spoken much, but there they were, both caught in a web of unspeakable horror.

Suddenly, a loud noise echoed through the ship. Bray

saw several Nomos aliens, tall and slender, with glowing eyes and long arms. They were preparing something—something terrible. Bray strained to see through the bars.

In the center of the ship, there was a transformation chamber. Inside it, Bray could see a person struggling. The transformation looked painful; the individual was changing. Bray's stomach twisted as he watched. The poor man was screaming as his body morphed into a crab spider creature.

"They're turning people into those monsters," Bray whispered to Peter, who nodded grimly.

"They must want an army," Peter replied, his voice trembling. "We have to find a way out."

Bray felt a surge of determination. They couldn't just sit and watch. Suddenly, there was a commotion. Another man, a strong-looking figure, broke free from the transformation chamber. He threw himself against the wall, gasping for breath like a fish out of water.

"Help me!" he yelled. "I'm still human!"

The Nomos turned their glowing eyes towards him. They moved quickly, trying to capture him again. The man ducked and wove through the chaos, pushing past other prisoners. Bray and Peter watched in awe as he fought against the aliens. His determination inspired them.

"Let's make a break for it," Peter urged Bray. "While they're distracted."

Bray nodded. They both knew they had to act quickly. They watched as the man continued to fight, proving that hope was not lost. Suddenly, one of the Nomos grabbed a hold of him, but he pulled free. In one swift motion, he pushed through a hatch that opened to the outside world.

“Come on!” Peter cried out. They knew this was their chance. Bray took a deep breath, and together they scampered towards the opening.

As they reached the hatch, Bray felt a rush of cold air. He peered out and saw the vast ocean below. The horizon was lit with the light of the setting sun, painting the sky in shades of orange and pink. Without hesitating, Bray jumped, with Peter following closely behind.

The water splashed around them and it was freezing. They kicked and swam with all their might. Bray kept looking back at the ship. He could see the Nomos scrambling to the edge, yelling in their alien tongue. Bray’s heart raced as he tried to focus on swimming toward the shore.

Peter was slightly ahead, his strong strokes pulling him faster through the waves. Bray felt a burning in his lungs, but he pushed through the pain. “We can’t stop now!” he shouted to Peter. They needed to reach the safety of the shore.

As they swam, Bray could see other figures diving into the water. Some were other prisoners who had made it to the hatch. They scrambled toward freedom, echoing Bray’s own determination. The sound of splashing filled the air as they all fought against the ocean.

Bray's hands became numb, and he was beginning to feel the weight of exhaustion. Just when he thought he would sink, he reached out and felt the ground beneath him. He gasped for air and pushed through the shallow water until he was able to stand up.

Peter was already on the beach, shaking with cold, but alive. Bray stumbled out of the waves, falling onto the warm sand, breathing heavily. They had made it—barely.

As other escapees joined them, they huddled together, shaking from both fear and the chilling water. The ship loomed behind them, dark and forbidding. The Nomos had not followed them into the water, but they would surely be hunting for them now.

"We need to move," Peter said. "They can't find us here."

Bray nodded, glancing at the others. They were talking softly, their faces full of fear and confusion. Yet, Bray felt a flicker of hope. They had escaped transformation, survived the ship, and now had a chance to fight back.

Together, they formed a plan. Their only option was to head into the nearby woods. They needed to find shelter, to regroup, and to warn others about the Nomos. Each member of their group was determined to survive, unwilling to let the nightmares of the ship claim them ever again.

As they trudged away from the beach, Bray's thoughts filled with the faces of the transformed. He vowed right

then to find a way to save them. They would not be forgotten. From fear and uncertainty, a new mission was born in his heart—a mission for freedom.

The ship shuddered. Not a gentle rocking, but a violent jolt that sent Bray stumbling. The alarm blared, a harsh, insistent shriek that sliced through the night. He didn't hesitate. Years of training, of simulations, kicked in. He scrambled towards the railing, the cold spray of the ocean already misting his face. Below, the dark water churned. Without a second thought, he jumped.

The impact was brutal, a shock that stole his breath. He surfaced, sputtering, the taste of salt and fear sharp in his mouth. The ship, a dark silhouette against a sliver of moon, was already drifting away, a wounded beast bleeding its lights into the waves. Bray kicked hard, his muscles burning, his eyes scanning the shore. Land. He could see the dark line of it, a promise of solid ground. He swam, his strokes strong and steady, the cold water a shock that kept him alert.

He reached the shallows, his feet scraping against sand and pebbles. He stumbled onto the beach, gasping, his body aching from the exertion. He collapsed for a moment, letting the waves wash over his legs, then pushed himself up. He had to move. He had to find shelter, find answers. The ship was gone. He was alone.

He saw it then, a dark expanse of tall stalks stretching out before him: a cornfield. The moon offered little light, and the stalks rustled like whispers in the night wind. He pushed his way in, the dry leaves scratching at his skin. His mind raced, trying to piece together what had happened. The ship, the sudden alarm, the jump. It felt like a dream, a nightmare.

He pushed through the corn, the rows disorienting. The sky was a deep, starless black. He kept moving, his only guide the faint sense of direction he carried within him. Suddenly, a flicker of light caught his eye. A warm, orange glow, cutting through the darkness. Hope surged. He moved towards it, his pace quickening.

As he got closer, he could smell smoke, and the faint aroma of something cooking. He emerged from the cornfield into a small clearing. A fire crackled merrily, casting dancing shadows. Beside the fire, stacked neatly, were cans of food. Relief washed over him. He was hungry, so hungry. He found a can opener and a tin of beans, eating them directly from the can, the warm food a comfort he hadn't realized he craved so desperately.

Nearby, he spotted a sleeping bag. It looked clean, unused. He unrolled it, the material soft and inviting. He was exhausted, his body screaming for rest. He crawled into the sleeping bag, pulling it up to his chin. He closed his eyes, the sound of the crackling fire a lullaby. Sleep claimed him quickly, a deep, dreamless sleep.

He woke to the sound of rustling hay. His eyes snapped open. He was in a barn. The air was thick with the smell of hay and animal. Moonlight streamed through cracks in the wooden walls. He sat up, his body stiff. Had he imagined the fire and the cornfield? He looked around. The sleeping bag was still there. He was safe.

Then he heard it. A soft sigh. He froze. He wasn't

alone. He peered into the shadows. A figure stirred near a pile of hay. A woman. She moved slowly, her outline dim in the moonlight.

"Hello?" Bray whispered, his voice hoarse.

The woman started, turning towards him. Her face was pale, etched with worry. "Who's there?" she asked, her voice trembling slightly.

"My name is Bray. I... I was on a ship. It went down."

The woman's eyes widened. "A ship? I saw lights on the water earlier. I thought it was a fishing boat." She stood up, stepping closer. "I'm Agnus. I live near here. I found this barn, it's abandoned. I've been hiding here for a few days."

Bray felt a strange sense of calm wash over him. He wasn't alone anymore. Agnus explained that she was on the run, hiding from people she didn't want to be found by. She didn't offer details, and Bray didn't ask. They talked for a while, the words a balm to their frayed nerves.

Suddenly, the barn door creaked open. Both Bray and Agnus jumped. A man stood silhouetted against the faint light outside. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and carried a heavy sack.

"Don't be alarmed," the man said, his voice deep and steady. "My name is Cody Banks. I saw your fire earlier, and figured someone might be in need. I bring supplies." He stepped inside, his eyes scanning the barn. He noticed Bray and Agnus. "Ah, I see I'm not the only one seeking shelter."

He didn't seem threatening. He spoke kindly, his demeanor open. He explained that he was a traveler, passing through the area, and he had heard rumors of trouble. He was on his way to a town further north, he said, and offered them passage if they wished to go.

Bray and Agnus exchanged a look. They were strangers, thrust together by circumstance, but a silent understanding passed between them. They had each faced their own dangers, and now, in this unexpected sanctuary, they found a flicker of shared hope. Cody Banks, the stranger in the night, offered a path forward, a chance to escape whatever shadows had driven them to this lonely barn. The night was still young, and the future, though uncertain, felt a little less daunting with another soul by their side.

Intruder

The old barn creaked under the weight of the night. Inside, the air was thick with the smell of hay and damp earth. Bray, a tall man with weathered hands, checked the latches on the stall doors. Beside him, Agnus, her eyes bright with a restless energy, hummed a tuneless song as she sorted through a pile of feed bags. Cody, the youngest of the three, a boy barely into his teens, sat on an overturned bucket, whittling a piece of wood into a crude bird.

"It's a cold one tonight," Bray said, his voice a low rumble. He pulled his worn jacket tighter around him.

Agnus nodded, her gaze drifting towards the large, barn doors. "Feels like something's in the air."

Cody looked up from his whittling, his brow furrowed.

"Like a storm?"

"Maybe," Bray said, though he didn't sound convinced. He walked over to the doors and peered through a crack. "Nothing but dark out there."

Suddenly, a voice, sharp and clear, cut through the night. "Hello? Is anyone there?"

Bray froze. Agnus's humming stopped. Cody dropped his whittling knife.

"Who could that be?" Agnus whispered, her eyes wide.

"I don't know," Bray replied, his hand instinctively going to the heavy wooden bar that secured the doors. "Doesn't sound like anyone from around here."

The voice called out again, louder this time. "My name is Amanda Stalls! I need help!"

Bray hesitated. It was foolish to open the doors to a stranger in the middle of the night, especially out here, miles from town. But the woman's voice held a desperate edge that made him uneasy.

"Who's with you?" he called back.

"Just me!" the voice answered. "Please, I'm lost and my car broke down. I saw your light."

Agnus nudged Bray's arm. "We can't just leave her out there, can we?"

Bray sighed. He knew Agnus. Once she made up her mind, there was no changing it. And he couldn't deny

the chill that had nothing to do with the weather.

"Alright," he said, unbarring the heavy doors. He pulled them open just enough to see a figure standing on the muddy track, silhouetted against the faint moonlight. It was a woman, dressed in dark clothing, her face obscured by the shadows.

"Thank you," she said, stepping forward. As she moved into the dim light spilling from the barn, another voice, rough and guttural, boomed from behind her.

"Amanda! Wait for me!"

The woman, Amanda, flinched. Her eyes darted back into the darkness. "No! Not you!"

Before Bray could react, something huge and dark erupted from the shadows behind Amanda. It was a grotesque sight, a nightmare made flesh. It had the spindly, multi-jointed legs of a spider, but the body of a man, twisted and contorted. Its head was a horrifying blend of human and arachnid features, with too many eyes glinting malevolently. The air filled with a chittering, clicking sound.

"Trigobyte!" Bray yelled, shoving Agnus and Cody behind him.

The creature lunged. It moved with astonishing speed, scuttling across the ground on its eight clawed legs. It slammed into Bray, sending him sprawling into a pile of hay. Agnus screamed. Cody scrambled backwards, his face pale with terror.

The Trigobyte loomed over Bray, its fangs dripping

with a dark, viscous fluid. Bray, though stunned, reacted with instinct. He reached out, his fingers closing around the smooth, cool wood of a pitchfork leaning against the wall. With a roar, he swung it with all his might. The sharp tines pierced the creature's fleshy body. It shrieked, a sound that was more animal than human, and thrashed wildly. Bray pushed, driving the pitchfork deeper. The creature staggered, then collapsed, its unnatural limbs splayed on the barn floor.

A stunned silence fell. Agnus and Cody slowly emerged from their hiding places, their eyes fixed on the still form of the monster.

"Is it... is it dead?" Cody stammered.

Bray, breathing heavily, lowered the pitchfork. "I think so."

Amanda, who had been frozen in terror near the doorway, now looked around wildly. "It's gone... but there are more."

Before anyone could process her words, the Trigobyte twitched. A thin, needle-like projection shot out from its body, a poisonous quill, arcing through the air. It was too fast to see, too fast to avoid.

It struck Agnus directly in the chest.

She gasped, her eyes widening in disbelief. A look of profound surprise, then dawning horror, spread across her face. She stumbled, her hand flying to where the quill had entered. Her humming stopped forever. Her bright eyes lost their spark, growing vacant. She

crumpled to the ground, lifeless.

Bray rushed to her side, his heart sinking with a dread so profound it threatened to crush him. He knelt beside her, his calloused hand reaching out to touch her cheek, but he knew. He knew it was too late. The life had already gone out of her. The Trigobyte, even in death, had delivered its final, fatal blow. The cold night air in the barn suddenly felt much, much colder.